She is examined by a busy doctor with a clipboard and a genealogical chart. They continue to mime the words of Divine Madness.

My features were studied as earnestly as those of a lover; my body was subjected to a thousand examinations and experiments, poked, punched and peered into in every part; convulsed by electricity when I was quiet; restrained in a camisole with long, closed sleeves, when I became too lively.

By now Mental Health is in a strait-jacket. Restrained as she is, the Young Doctor begins to give her too many pills. Divine Madness continues.

My inward parts were no less annoyed, for I swallowed as many pills and decoctions as might have terrified a hypochondriac.

Mental health begins to reel around the stage.

At last I was one day believed to be dead --

Mental Health collapses on stage. The Young Doctor nudges her with the toe of his boot. She does not move. The Young Doctor shrugs and goes away.

And I hoped now to have peace, but I was disappointed.